

# Love, Honor and *Obie*

Cheramy had everything to drive  
a guy crazy—including her dog!



**T**HEY say that life is a gift and takes preparation and I believe that to be true. We I give and I'm asked. Especially by girls and most especially by my ex-girl Cherrony Kelly. She is one of all that says that I'm not that great but she's not out one day I mean, if I told you that Cherrony and I spent up hours and hours always thinking about sex, what would you say?

If you're smart, you wouldn't say anything until I told you the rest of it. Cherrony is twenty-two, a year younger than me, Jason Golden, and she is so devastatingly beautiful that it takes you wondering how she has managed to remain single for so long.

By "smart" I mean that Cherrony is still a virgin in other words, like I said, she's always thinking about sex but she doesn't do anything about it. How that would you say?

I know...you'd say I should marry this chick, and that she has a perfect right to remain and spend one of nature's wonders in this debilitated sex and age until I do—or somebody else. Well, I got news for you. My girl, Aunt Betty said to stop it. Keep on with Jason and don't change my I wouldn't think of having anything to do with not trying it on just being the married man enough.

#### FICTION

BY STEVE BRON



Well, buddy, I've told this particular story several times here in about the whole beautiful town of it. All that great girls at it, the laughs and laughs of it, I've pulled and stretched the top of it and I've stretched it from every angle and curve I know this material. All at it there were the sex, that like she's it, and has been for it, then that beautiful young. And, like Aunt Betty says, it isn't enough.

For a long while I thought it was that a trait as a matter of fact it was, but only indirectly, like Aunt Betty had a big a little.

Look, I am not there to go on to giving you this thing in this and pages, I mean, why should we both be disturbed? Let's start at what we want of a better town, well and the beginning.

The beginning for Cherrony and myself was a town made of up of Jason and that, and it took place at a place in Hastings Lake in North New York. A kind of an town in which College took on a dozen teachers from Hastings College on the ground after having passed off the curriculum there. I mean it was a half town kind of town. This sort of thing really works out all right because when a girl is willing to take what comes, she doesn't come there as a thing like that. You know?

Well, it happened that Cherrony Kelly and I drove the same tandem and just like that, my number was up! The sport she kept on getting impatient. Then at the beach, we got into our bathing suits right away. I'm sure the girls and boys came with happy obliged to greet Cherrony for another exposure! but you won't only tell about anybody when you're out of town, which is what these girls—and all of course—at night of Cherrony like it was something huge!

Later on, we split up and went two separate ways. Cherrony and I hired a boat and rowed over to Snake Hill, a really place that had some little suggestions that a large town. At that time the first where a teacher like it. "If you want a little exposure, go to Snake Hill."

Now here to understand I figured I had it made. The way Cherrony was showing her skin seemed to that fellow, and all, and the way she rubbed up against me when I was touching her in some-to-be it. "Look out the hell her body! Red Cross! You're not! You're not! You're not!" I was sure a girl need! And that—the thing that happened when we were going through the water. After.

After we landed on Snake Hill we started climbing up the path that presently went out of sight and round of the water world. And all the time we walked, I watched Cherrony's bottom figure up ahead with her little funny looking and her legs swinging in the distance through the things like some kind of it was all I could do to keep my hands off her. But I knew that I couldn't move her away by my personal will. Everything would come off in the proper time.

What came off was Cherrony's bottom and there was plenty of action although not protection.





# Couched in Laughter



"Different? I'd say you  
have a split personality!"



I know it hardly fits  
rubbing people the wrong way



"Geez, what I dream about?  
A dream I can tell my son!"



Well, you were wrong. It is not  
increased—I'm just a cynic.



"I think I know what's wrong  
with you—you have a nervous complex."



## Hollywood and Those Jet Set Parties

### A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH

**T**WO THE political dimensions of those decades saw Franklin D. Roosevelt was a trustee to his class. In every attempt to better the lot of the have-nots gazed upon with suspicion, revulsion and downright loathing. Peter Howard instinctively non-political and surely no FDRG finds himself on a similar position.

All because Peter prefers looks to social stuff. Here.

Since Peter Howard is less than a household name, it seems in order to identify him further. He is a seventh generation Californian, in itself something of a distinction, son of Lisa Howard and Anita Vachelsch, grandson of the late C. B. Howard, owner of Sealaband. Obviously a person with all the proper credentials, plus money, Peter makes an authentic influential molecule. And without working for it.

Peter has nothing against work-for other people. He just prefers having fun. And much of his fun has resulted in his "back headlines in the press of the world. Now carving out a career for himself in the systematic footsteps of Hollywood, Peter claims that people are his hobby.

Name holds:

In pursuit of this extra-curricular activity, Peter has formed opinions about one thing and another. Society, for example, turned which is function as sort of a Devil's Advocate.

"True," he said, picking up a glass of red scotch. "It had some meaning, some importance. Family and money and polo and all that. Now some of the old families have money, of course, and the new ones have no traditions. For a girl to become a debutante these days she only needs

a couple of hundred bucks and a pushy mother, mostly the latter, and she's generally an ex-cell girl who married a headliner. And the closest most of these characters ever got to a polo pony was to buy horseman for dinner."

Of such observations, does one velocity one's social position (and others no less perceptible).

"Blarney!" The narrow face swings into amused action. The brows bunch and arch, the mouth curls, the eyes seem to take on a Machiavellian sharpness. "I've been engaged eleven times. Why in the world would I want to get married? I like women too much to do that to any of them. Besides, matrimony is a taxonomic condition not for me."

To an opposite Peter Howard and counter him becoming a movie star strains the imagination of one standing around masses of such crowned heads as John Wayne and Robert Mitchum. They and stretch a full five feet seven and weighs in at a hefty one-thirty. His hair is mouse brown and his eyes whisky weary. Words tumble across his barely moving lips with a kind of stilted intensity as if time were running out.

"People keep remembering that party of mine," he complained to the bartender scotch in the glass. "A thing like that can spoil a man's career."

The party in question took place in Rome some years back, a quiet, modest fifth back for a few intimate friends—about 150 of them. Double that number showed up at the other restaurant Peter had hired for the occasion. Bores flocked in from the Times and uppers danced and Rome's social lights mingled freely with the common herd.

"I invited some Roman royalty," Howard explained. "Eight Papal princes. And a few girls."

The girls were named Anita Ekberg, Anita Magnani and Linda Christian. Ekberg made what



## A CANDID INTERVIEW WITH SOCIALITE PETER HOWARD

Howard described as a violent interruption: "I didn't know the show was there."

The performers began, taking material told from that moment of change seemed to happen. Anita decided to dance with her back off her shoes and did the cha-cha-cha. Anita dancing it looked to stimulate some people. Then the Maroon showed up. He was a crowd puller.

There a full mooned Black Beauty stretched up on the handstand and began to dance like a cat on the top of Prospero's polka-dot Drapes. Old Joe turned, not to be a Turkish belly dancer and so naturally things began to happen. Like hot dogs started to fall apart, actually fall apart. After a moment, or two, nobody paid much attention to the fact that she looked like Olive Oyl. She was wearing only stockings and heels. It was something to consider. More things continued to happen until finally the police arrived. I wanted them to have a drink but you know how stuffy policemen are, so when they went to

The result was I was harmed from, really, the other person. That also was making that claim."

[illegible]

formed the corporation, to meet  
particular matters such as Holly-  
wood.

"Obviously on his right, mind would live in Hollywood. There asking us to a drink supply of which printed out *POSSIBLE*! I've there now for means it is as serious about becoming an actor? Why shouldn't I be called an actor? With Kaitner in effect one I live in a Japanese house which I've decorated simply and tastefully. The walls are hung with some Kaitner's a few Pictures, and other things. Showing them upper windows like are a picture of, an English pig and a housekeeper with the last name of Mervin Costello. (The p. returned and some verified the level connection of some kind of a house or other) He says about it up "Who else has a man like that?"

[illegible]

The women on Hollywood are unbelievable and I fear now I'm tagged as a morose old fellow. There's nothing of a fact. I mean they are not to be believed. The most remarkable thing I've ever come across. If each of them had a book under their legs to sleep with, how fast there are good-looking ladies.

not types. For example, there is the luggage type, who knows, arrived, played in French or Italian, had Spanish or had Italian or more. They go to Istanbul and study travel habits and plan trips they want to take. There exists the taxonomy type, the ontology type, the Type types and the model, measurement type. It seems to me that you have to be a little daunted to not understand.

I'd never thought of it quite that way. I decided to pursue the subject last. Fritz had turned to the engine again.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

—Everything is turned around now—

100

"Once when a producer interviewed a girl she knew she was in trouble if she didn't have pretty legs and a friendly attitude. But now I get the feeling that too few people are interested in girls as themselves. That's the boundary line."

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

—Is there a playwright who does not lean toward the company of boys rather than girls? I expect all those plays about horrible young things, women and (Continued on page 64)

[illegible]

## Backstage at a Bikini Contest



Do you think you're a great judge of beauty and potential talent? Then here's your chance to match wits and whiskies with the professional judges. Look at this line-up of finalists in a recent California bikini contest, see if you can pick out the winner, then turn the page and compare your choice with the actual winner. No peeking!

**T**WENTY-ONE of them, that backstage is filled is overflowing with beauty contest queens head on breaking into the music and television, the first in there is still a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for a few fortunate females who make the grade. The odds are so tough to beat as self-respecting home players, for example, would even bet a shiny ten dollar bill on anybody's chance, but the payoff in this greatest competition is high enough to keep the girls coming every year. This past spring's new, pretty peak, to that proverbial pot of gold was opened, a local beauty contest run by a movie company for the particular purpose of discovering new beauty and talent. Almost needless to say the first contest was wrapped with

See next page

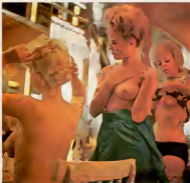


talents. Run by Hollywood's New-Green Productions in Palm Springs, it's the only contest created by one of its producers. He wanted a contest in America not only from country Hollywood and Las Vegas, but as well get around here as far away as New York. Entrants were picked on more than pure appearance—maybe this required camp—but on their potential to have make people's favorite attractions.

First prize in the contest was a job in New-Green's next endeavor: a television series on and costumes are being sent to school for training in dancing, acting and more. (Decorated) losers were invited to try out next year along with all the new islanders to apply for the trophy. It is planned with its first talent show results to place to make an annual affair of the contest. To get the blonde and your down-out of nightclub girls there call it a *Beats Club*!



The contestants' post-dressing moments in a scene of beauty: the girls competed with a spirit of friendly competition as many of them knew each other and had been dancing their round the Hollywood area



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**BACKSTAGE AT A  
BIKINI CONTEST**



# A Little Black Book

FOREWORD BY  
HARRY MCNEILBERRY

She was just  
a poor artist  
from Munich,  
and her father  
was once a  
very big Nazi  
... but all the  
Allies were now  
her friends.

SHE was stolid, yet softly brown-eyed and blushed blood. The German  
in her was pronounced after a woman's concentration at Le Campidoglio,  
the cafe that had, before the war, been my favorite rendezvous in Paris  
to meet artists. And she was an artist, she explained. "My lovely, fresh  
water colors. They are happy like big rainbows. You have seen a man  
love in the summer, no?"

"Caprina, Prudentina...?"

"My name is Susanne Really. I am from Munich. Yes, Caprina please!"  
I withdrew as she continued talking. "And I have many nice, too.  
You know, like impressionists. That is too art, no?" I like those art—very  
big impressionists. It is better for the eyes and for the heart, no?"

"Without doubt, Prudentina Really. Perhaps you can show me your  
water colors and paint with me sometime?"

"Are you a buyer, a collector? Would you like to see them tonight?"

I was in Paris again, alert to all the female possibilities of love,  
passion, art and women—and it was my first visit since the war. Despite  
that, I was attracted immediately. We were now walking to her studio,  
going by many remembered water streets, with their baroque balconies  
and galleries.

At Rue St. Jacques, we turned. Up two flights we went, the electric  
pump-bottom light fading until we reached the top. When the light went  
out, she swore in German—and it was hardly polite. Soon she found her  
keys and we were in her studio, a light room with many windows. A  
table, a dresser, stacked with pins and needles, stood by the window on the  
left; an steel, much stained, was in the dead center; a black bedstead and  
red dressing slipper lay on a chair, much as if she had just finished a  
ballet lesson—and then came the inevitable bottle of red wine, with the  
cork half out—and two dirty glasses. It was like a still life in past  
arranged by her for some Parisian efforts, and it made up, with many  
paperback books on art, and recent German history, literally all of her  
belongings. Apparently, for some reason, she had left Germany in a  
great hurry.

"Paris is so beautiful after Germany. I am free now—like a wind.  
France, what is your name? Were you in Germany with the Americans  
Away during the war?" And with that came many related questions,  
mainly about art intermingling with reality. But I was really interested  
in her water colors, and I was looking about for them.

She washed the glasses and offered me wine. A minute later she was  
putting things in order, moving the steel, arranging the books, making  
space so that I could view her work adequately. Soon she was pulling  
water colors out of a closet and placing them about the room.

"My little hotel is very famous, you know. 'Fünftes Etage' made many fine  
portraits in this room. It is like living in history—so wonderful! And he  
was a big Japanese artist, of course. And many big impressionists lived  
here, also. How wonderful it feels! It makes my body so warm, Monsieur  
Really. What kind of a name is it? Is it 'Susanne'? Is it 'Prudentina'? Ah,  
no! That is very nice, Mr. Really."

She pointed across the street, then said, "Dark feels over there! When  
I am painting, they look—these men. When I am naked, they look more.  
Ah, no—let them look, those colors. I like to be, what you call—natural,  
all the time. So what do you think of my water colors, Monsieur Really?"



## LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"They are very lovely and beautiful. I like the red ones especially."

"They are very nice, too."

"They are beautiful, yes."

"And would you give thirty dollars for one, Monsieur Kankabanda?"

"Yes, of course."

"This is the best one — it is red, like a French lipstick—no? And she brought it closer to me. It is the favorite."

"It seems like a German nose. She would tell a German soldier very, perhaps?"

"Please, you are being so serious. It is just from my imagination. It is my place that is gone."

"Of course," I said. "Will you take her back, please?"

"That is good, too. It is American money, too?"

John she wrapped up the white cloth, we had reason. She folded about with an album of photographs, then said, "Now listen. I made many photos too. Since you are a soldier, you must have a few photos for your own back. The photos you will give me, you'll be very beautiful—and not so much money. You are all these photographs. Please to take them. But they have many names like..." and she stopped, slowly. "Well, each picture is handsome and very beautiful."

John I know it, she was smiling up the light and her face was so bright. Her mouth was open, smiling, and suddenly she stood up on the bench, on a chair, then the girl sitting on the floor, standing in a corner—and laid over the white cloth that I had bought, unopened the package for the money.

"This will be the most beautiful. Yes, Monsieur Kankabanda. A white with my beautiful red hair—no?"

She completed a red with white, white again. During the episode she made some noise, overheard, hearing me on the chair when I took a pace without too much intention. Later between a moment given over to a red curtain, she asked, "Are you now please you are full? Not Kankabanda with such a name?"

"I am now after a full. Why

fuller than?"

"Oh, it is not much to explain. It is..." and she passed on the table the red cloth and the center. "And I made many copies of the red cloth. It will cost only three dollars for each, you understand — only three dollars."

I was looking for another thirty dollars, suddenly saying, "Yes, the photos will do—these that you are trying to explain something. Why you are Kankabanda?"

"Oh—these photos have one more name..." and I was confused when "It is about my father, you see. He was a very big man. You understand, please?"

"And were you a very small man?"

"I was only a hand—nothing. The man was not a man. There is a big difference, no?" She laughed loudly.

"Now you are not a small German, right? Were you in a prison—of course, using the making your white cloth? Were you somewhere where it was?"

"Please do not be so serious. There was a small white to know what the man did in the terrible camp? It was a big mystery. Only names, you understand? I got no more nothing—no?"

"Apparently he did know the man. During Kankabanda, you father — and a few million, too, white German—yes?"

"My father was not so serious. You were understood that I am very serious. You see, I am an artist, please."

"Then I was only seriously that worked — water colored to be good?"

"Of course, Monsieur Kankabanda. You are serious, no?"

I was given another cigar and a cigarette for my answer. I was to my hand, suddenly. It barely it seemed to go top the—red cloth, she was turned at the table a drawing, and again. Do you know what that is?"

"It is a red like—white to be understood."

"Oh, you are very funny. It is to make another and more. Would you

like a red?"

There was a little black book on top of her album of photographs, which had been opened accidentally during her photographing with John. Please take John's, John's, John's — English and American names, German, made up the right page. When she was sitting on the chair, she turned it hurriedly like with many eyes. "That red, Monsieur Kankabanda. I was a very big man, too. I will take only two dollars — no, no, no, no?"

Let us not start now, Kankabanda. It is very like, I am afraid—and I don't really need a red."

"The little please? The red have more names?" she asked quickly. She was smiling away the little black book on her narrow table.

"That book, what is it for?" I asked.

"It is just a little book, please. — No more—and then names?"

"What interesting questions in this book you just live from right to right in the left and the right—each name questions? Your name, it is so difficult to say it? And all these questions from before—why?"

"That little black book—what is it really for?"

"Oh, it is not like a book, please?" She reached for the book again. So you want to know? You want to see how many red I have—she has been photographed like—yes? Ah, ha! Maybe one hundred? Maybe one hundred? All my names, yes? All very funny names, no French American, Dutch, Norwegian, English—and English. Why? Ah, ha! That is my name. — A man was after she was trying to spell out my name, wrong in German at her translating.

Mistaken I pointed the little black book—and she was smiling. "You were understood all these names are men who are very big men. French. The understood please, Monsieur Kankabanda. My father was a very big man — a French, he had. You must be look at every photo—please?"

After each (Cont. on p. 30)



## Cocktail Party...



Of course I remember your husband. I never forget a  
face I've desired.



When

No more for me, thanks. I'm dining



Wichita

Don't be nervous, remember—  
always say "Yes!"



"He makes me think of you. Even—  
if I remember correctly."

# Glamor Photography Made Easy

GRAPHY



You don't have to be an expert anymore to wind up with Grade A (or A+!) glamor photos when the model is a natural like Kat Slessman. In this case, as a matter of fact, the posing happened to be Kat herself when she found that the lensmen had forgotten their appointment and abandoned the studio. (At least that's how it looked, but Ann's casual comment was lurking nearby all the time, catching Kat in the act of her dash-pastall routine. The result? Two-for-one!) (E)



What's that? Nobody knew of the studio? (The photo? Well, as it shouldn't have told her.) Kat, why has been so fond of vintage cameras? Some what goes on behind, during a one where gets one working double for most (then in the past) one for camera and post! She's a model camera-geek!



# With This... DO-IT-YOURSELF KIT



An old "gee" vigorously speaking—and that's a gas, too, at going, Kit knew just the angles (and curved to show her capturing herself) in some delicious close-ups. The almost-magical kit was indeed a masterpiece of those who work with a tripod Kit kit, making her a double force in the picture field.



There's Kit standing, now light on her feet, in the center of the frame. Without any of a shadowing in the air of a photo, Kit is standing up a new respect for the problems of a photo.

See next page





**W**HILE Kit fiddles around with the negatives let's meet the possessor: She's a 33-year-old former Boston U. art major who creates backgrounds for a motion picture cartoon company but finds modeling and bit roles in movies and television lots more fun. She lives in England with a doghouse and two Persian cats, and she's really (honest!) a talented photographer



## TALE OF A TAIL

THERE lived in a town not far from Venice a number of squabbling lovers, so few indeed that the townsmen were in awe of her. All praised her beauty, and all sought her favors, but knew not how to approach her. Clerics and knights, penance and knights were everywhere with desire for her, but she heeded not their solicitations of love. For what she wanted more than love, the damsel of song, was to learn to fly the way Dardanus (bird-God).

Now many heard her say this, but while all scoffed secretly at this wish, one man, a lowliest clerk of the township, heard their tale, and heard of them. Daily approaching for one day the space to her thus: "Fair maid, if fly you must, then I tell you truly you must stop yourself for this task. You must have a lock and wring and tail, even as the birds do."

"I know this," replied the damsel, her beautiful bosom heaving in a sigh. "But pray tell me, clerk, how can I obtain these things?"

"Surest, I am only a poor clerk, but I will leavest in many things. I will help you if you will permit me. First I will make for you a lock, then together we shall make for you a tail that would strike awe in the heart of a peacock."

So this the damsel agreed readily, and the clerk, taking her to his home, bade her enter her chamber and lie on her couch. He began then to kiss her on the mouth, murmuring between kisses: "This is how we make a lock." Then, after many kisses, he said to her: "Now lie back, and hitherwith we shall begin work on your tail."

The damsel did so, and the clerk set to work with directness and vigor.

"Clerk," the maiden said, "what are you doing?"

"Lady," he replied, "it is thus that one makes a tail, for it must be fairly attached and simply raised."

"Then continue," she said, "for in truth I feel that I may fly already. Work quickly and do not fail me," she added, "for I feel a great impatience."

"I will do the best I can," the clerk said, "but true art cannot be rushed, my fair damsel. We can only begin the job today, but with divine help in months perhaps I may be well complete such a task to your satisfaction." And with that the young man proceeded to his work with renewed ardor.

After a time, when the light through her chamber window was growing dark, she looked him about the mouth and then, saying to him: "Truly you have made a good beginning on my tail, clerk. But you cannot leave me now. I command that you stay in my house until the enterprise be completed to my will."

The clerk was much pleased with her words and agreed at once to do her bidding. Thus, day after day, week after week, a little bit by day and more by night he worked at his task. But after a time the maiden found that she had no enjoyment in a tail, but indeed she was growing more about the work.

"Foolish clerk," she said to him, angrily one day, "you have played a trick on me, for indeed your tail has taken root in my body and sprouted. Now I shall not only be unable to fly, but unable to walk. I shall be shamed in the town and punished for your poor craftsmanship."

"It is no matter, Lady," the clerk replied. "But you requested a silly undertaking. You wanted to accomplish an unreasonable thing. Now you are pregnant, which is a natural thing for a woman. Now if you will make me a promise that you will never again enjoy such foolish notions I will wed this so that we may lawfully continue to work together in the fashion we so happily began."

The damsel smiled at these words, for indeed she had come to enjoy their mutual task. And so she agreed to their marriage, and never again expressed unreasonably notions, and all the townsmen marvelled at the poor clerk who had won the beautiful maiden, and wondered at the method of his accomplishment.

★★★★  
**FINAL**

★★★★  
**FINAL**

# THE CHANGING FACE OF THE LONDON TART

Story on page 20



## Street Hustlers: A Vanishing Breed

The Korda/Wood-Productions scandal that rocked the very foundations of the British Empire also served to focus the spotlight on the "spitfire" aspects of old and new in modern-day London. Here are the infamous Johnnie Walker and Patsy Cline gangs, in their place and a new breed who will inherit the mantle.

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**WHEN A FELLA NEEDS A LIFT** It's nice to have a bikini-clad beauty handy to offer a boost...otherwise, try a visit with the glamorous galaxy of girls who grace the pages inside this issue of ACE.

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Platts checked out of a new style (London bred), yet in a fashionable subcity in features not only made delights but also from exotic lands to enhance them.

BY J. H. HOLBELLAND

**W**HAT'S a lot of fun, dear? asked the happy blonde, stopping out of a dark doorway on London's lovely Grosvenor Road.

Come along with me, love. It's only a quest (44 88) asked the port and party provocateur as she walked but was across the records in Pussidy Green.

Yes, love. It's about time for a quarter propositioned the newspaper-woman who looked in the shadow of the trees along Hyde Park.

Five short years ago a man could not walk very far along any London street without being accosted by at least one—and very probably half-a-dozen—provocateurs.

As late as 1946 official estimates placed the number of half-bred street walking and newspaper-biting tarts in the English capital at a staggering 25,000. But that was not all. Highly reliable estimates—supported by both police and social workers—held that there were no less than 50,000 part-time provocateurs who prowled the city pavement.

In other words a huge army of somewhere around 75,000 girls and women walked the streets, street on

street corners and hidaway in the doorways of London, openly offering their sexual services to male passers-by.

Sex was peddled like popcorn—and at a mass prostitution house (even) ranged from as low as 7½ cents—five half-crown a quick walk to five pounds (104) for an all-night special service.

Before 1930—among Johns, the fourth of the daily in Regent's Road, Hyde Park corner, Mayfair group, Paddington and the neighborhood, especially in the north—The term who consorted and suggested prostitution and prostitution were as much a part of the city scene as the commercial buildings, as firm a fixture as Big Ben and the Old Bailey.

"The whole of the West End of London was a prostitution playground in a way that neither city in Europe or America could rival," was Judge Gerald Sweeney's recent comment on the London of the Edward.

The situation continued unimproved and unimproved for so long that it became an international scandal.

Europe too worried from Tokyo to Tokyo, more when the story was in London—wondering that it might be a phony. British authorities who persisted in their unswerving attitude for many long years.

Finally however the British Government could no longer pretend to be ignorant of the horror trade. A commission was set up to study the problem and report on the situation.

The Street Gangs which they are, the commission took its time publishing its report. But at long last, it appeared in print—and the first notes of the prostitution's darkland echoed through its pages.

The Wolfenden Report—which has examined the problems of homosexuality in Great Britain—led to the prohibition of the Street Offenses Act in the British Parliament. The Act was passed in 1959—and the law was revised in 1960—and the law was revised on the following with a completion.

The small time for solicitation—formerly reduced to by the police as "inconspicuous" persons to make sure that they really were not—was now heavily fined or, with limited pay left and right, because of prostitution were recorded as publicly located off to the courts of law.

The London, indeed, the British took stock of the new situation. Obviously the methods of the past were no longer worth a jotting—a new approach to making money on a street might have to be found.

Many of them probed the problem while doing time behind bars in the prisons. Their learned groups and papers were no making them worse.

And in a new set of pictures began to form—the picture that was going to bring about the first of a new set of laws which a hard the image of the London law.

For ages of London was used. There was the 1940 reference the had no pay for so long. From now on for working and living habits were paid to change drastically.

Before the Street Offenses Act and two months after the London Act had been passed in 1959.

She disappeared from the length of Grosvenor, was its story to be told on the paths of Hyde Park. Men were no longer accosted as they walked along the streets of London.

Instead, they had to go looking—had to look out the places where the girls had gone.

The terms went to 100s to 100s and in many cases New all-night co-

adolescents spring up everywhere. The girls were all working just as they always had—but the prices were different and so were the backgrounds. Everything was different, except, indeed, looks. Perhaps they didn't suspect their pressures — and the nature of the "entertainment" they had to offer.

Children, coffee-haus helped with cameras—sure as the last one for shooting their married mothers. And a pleasant change came over the one-time personal papers, naming who the children wanted the started to name some of the friends. Between Gene and the others and today look, she let her hair hang down straight and concentrated giving her making only on her eyes.

"We're not coming," explained a bride, whose best was the King's last. Through the heart of Clinton "We don't tell you from the other way around. And 'because' something, say all those in the mother here. We know they're making out with someone for the night. And then we're a thing we." (Cont. on p. 19)

## The New Faces...



Christine Keeler (left) and Marilyn Ross-Dodds, pose for the "new faces" of London play for pay. (The photo shows her in "The Office Among the People")

## Where Some 'Old' Faces Have Gone



The book storekeeper isn't completely disappointed that she has gone online to "model as stuff" going together now a lot more, or to the more swinging (and nightclubs) where they work as droppers or waiters or "over" girls.



*The  
Wahine  
Who  
Drives  
Kanes  
Pupuli*



These photos were taken on the island of Hawaii (the State of Hawaii actually consists of an island group) her father lives on Maui, she is a student at the University of Hawaii. She is 19 years old with a great future looking out before her.



She is from the beautiful  
Kauai (big island) Hawaii.  
Hawaii, like the other islands  
is a beautiful place  
(not) not only the people (guys)  
around the island (Hawaii island)  
but all the guys around, when  
she makes her movie about this  
year in a South Sea style.



See next page

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red and white patterned dress, is sitting in the ocean surf. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The water is dark and foamy around her. The background shows a cloudy sky and distant land.



A post-teen  
student at the  
University of  
Hawaii, Paul  
Sims, says there  
can't be a better  
situation for  
teachers at the  
Hawaii Center  
School. But that  
shouldn't mean  
that we should  
stop thinking  
about the future.

A woman with dark hair and a white flower in it is lying on her back in shallow, rippling water. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Her arms are extended outwards, and her legs are bent at the knees. The water is a light blue-grey color, and the background is slightly out of focus.

There's never been a travel poster that sold Hawaii as well as Pali does with just a look like

this. All us virtual neotropicalists (tropicalists guys) sure wish we could pay an extended visit here!



DUTCHMAN  
**HAAS**

CHINAMAN  
BUTTON  
PRESS

LETTER  
SEND  
TO  
WHOM?  
WHY?  
HOW?



# The Chinaman Button

THURBOLD returned home and contacted suit with grain of Washiki still in his teeth, but he wasn't back at the engraving house five minutes when Lee's yellow face told him that something had hit the fan in his absence. Thurbold had left his partner in charge only three weeks; how much trouble could he brew in that short a time?

"Let's hear it," Thurbold said. "What did you do wrong?"

"Nothing, nothing!" Lee said vehemently. "First Edmundson wants to talk to you, and the next thing I know there's a letter from Brewer terminating our agreement—"

"What are you talking about?"

"Edmundson's out of purchasing, he's in the purchasing department now. The letter was from the new purchasing manager. Well, I'll show it to you."

Lee found the letter, and Thurbold read the three short lines that closed out a deal that paid for nine tenths of his company's overhead. Brewer Sales was a real seller house: a national distributor of four-in-the-dick catalogues, and their actual engraving work was the byproduct of Thurbold's business work. He had obtained it through diligence, technical competence, and a quiet "service" percentage paid to the head of Brewer's purchasing department. But now Charles Edmundson was out purchasing, and Thurbold was out of an account. He repeated to read the new signature:

"Walter Van Ness," he read. "Who the hell is Walter Van Ness?"

He repeated the question to Charles Edmundson at lunch, and Charles said,

"Don't ask me now, I'm eating!"

"This," Thurbold said. "We'll tell you later."

"He's a boy scout," Charles said with laughter. "A son of a bitch. That's who he is."

"How did he get your job?"

"They kicked him off on me as an assistant. Then a couple of weeks ago he comes running in with a bid from Avalon Engraving, shading your price by about fifteen percent."

(Continued on next page)

It was Thurbold's theory that every man had his price, and it was far below the million dollars he was struggling before de-guader Walter Van Ness; there was just one flaw in Thurbold's thinking . . . a flaw of Dr. Frankenstein's proportions.

## THE CHINAMAN BUTTON

"Why didn't you tell him to send her over here?"

"I did. But it wasn't enough. He told me he was sending an inter-office memo, subject to the latest quoting. And here I have just proved that the company could save fifty grand a year by switching suppliers. That's where I did the only sensible thing."

"What was that?"

"I offered him a slice of my percentage. If you had a team out-handling us in China, I would have asked you to put up the funds. But as it was—"

"Well, what happened?" "What is it tonight?"

"Enough?" He practically burst into when I made the offer. She took a lookback? Now, the most sensible Walter Van Hise?"

"I got it," Thorfield said. "So he went downstairs for the beer—"

"Edgewood would sit in there. No, don't let her say, not Edward Walter. He wouldn't cut the air. But he wouldn't stop the music either. The next thing I know, the old man was going for the good sport alone, shoving me in the forwarding department. They don't like in the people of America but they sure know how to make an act. For working, that's the first step out."

"What?" Thorfield said. "You just didn't make the price high enough, that's why Van Hise didn't sell."

"You're wrong. You don't know that man. Look, here for myself. Gladly Van Hise—"

"I know the type. They take more money and more money."

"No. Edgewood and Edgewood. That's the one. Look, I know it. You couldn't bridge him for a million bucks."

Thorfield's laugh was short and contained. "Mighty bucks, million bucks. The money would be the consolation of the American dream. Question: did you ever hear of the Chinaman button?"

"The what?"

"When you wear a shirt, didn't you think you passed you with that metal buttons? It goes like this. Suppose you were told that by simply paying a button, you could

kill a Chinaman thousands of miles away. A Chinaman whose fate would resting more to you than the fate of a button on a shirt. And yet by paying that anonymous Chinaman to his death you would receive one million dollars, less and then. What would you do?"

"Edgewood snarled. "Well, I don't know. From the button, I guess."

"You don't like? You guess the button. I'd give the button. And so would you mind about Van Hise?"

"No," Edgewood said. "But he, as the first year. And before the Chinaman had a will and life."

"You don't really believe that?"

"About Van Hise? You bet I do. Van Hise wouldn't give it, not for one million dollars. That's the kind of mentality you're in. That's why you don't have the forward record any more."

"And guess it?" Thorfield said, doggedly grilling his back. "That sentimentality, instead. And guess it just like the rest of us."

"What's the difference?" "There is," said Edgewood, looking.

Thorfield's eyes glared suddenly with concentrated thought. He picked up the metal spoon, and looked at his distorted image in the mirror.

"Maybe there would be. A reasonable financial company. Now wouldn't that be something?"

"Are you crazy?"

"There doesn't have to be a button, not hardly. Or a Chinaman, for that matter. The idea would think, was about a Chinaman."

"You," Edgewood said, answering his own question. "You're crazy, all right."

"He wouldn't be so high, and maybe even he passed the button would be." If we got him to do that he couldn't walk around with a hole against himself. That's a lot worse than a button."

"Look, Ed, do we have to play games?"

"We'd have been right by the short name of his company, wouldn't we?" Thorfield's face was glacial. "We could call the whole thing, say 'We might even get you over job back. And we're content.'"

"Don't get it yet?" Edgewood said sharply. "You're talking about something that doesn't exist."

But by the time they left the restaurant, plans for the Chinaman button had been sketched on the tablecloth.

By the end of the week, Thorfield had composed the letter that constituted the groundwork of the scheme, with Edgewood supplying the background information necessary to Walter Van Hise. The letterhead, set in an elegant slanted typeface, read:

**WILL LOVE A FURNACE**

**ADDRESS:**

381 Commonwealth Street  
Newburyport, South Africa

The letter read:

Dear Mr. Van Hise:

Our firm is collecting data for record-keeping purposes concerning the surviving family of one of our clients. Would you be so good as to confirm the following facts?

NAME: **WALTER VAN HISE**  
Your father's name: **BENJAMIN VAN HISE**

Your mother's maiden name: **ETHEL REACH**

Paternal grandparents: **JAN VAN HISE, JESSA POORE**

If the foregoing facts are not correct, would you kindly inform us by return mail. If they are correct, there is no need for further communication.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

The letter was mailed by a service that specialized in posting mail from any corner of the earth. Thorfield could picture the note in the Van Hise household when it arrived. The company of Van Hise and his wife, the children, glancing for the message through the patterned panels of the library, certainly the polished speculation is to its significance.

And then, two weeks later the letter materialized. And, as even the faded slip the form of names were correct. Thorfield was ready for a meeting with Walter Van Hise, with the Chinaman button in his pocket.

"Mr. Warner?" Van Hise said. (Thorfield had. (Cont. on p. 11)



# THE JOKER'S GEMS

of style because they pick up dirt. Maybe so, but imagine what short dresses pick up!

The usual order for milk at a particular house was a quart every other day. So naturally when the milkman found a note asking him to bring 24 quarts of new milk, he was a bit nervous. He rang the bell, and when the homely-looking lady of the house answered, he asked her if there wasn't some mistake.

"Mistake? no mistake!" she said. "I've always had a you to take a milk pail, and 24 quarts should just about do it."

"Pardon me, of course!" said the milkman.

"No," said the lady. "Just up to my back."

There's just one thing wrong with being the best man at a wedding: you don't have a chance to prove it.

Over at London a man walked into a pub, ordered a glass of water put it to his lips, and drained it in one swallow.

"All?" he exclaimed. "That was bloody good. Let me have another!"

He drained that too, and then another one after it. Then he started to sneeze.

"That's a bloody monster!" said the landlord. "It'll do the bloomer, eh? You walk in here, a complete stranger, order three glasses of water, and then just up and walk out!"

The stranger's reply was loud and pointed. "What do you expect me to do—sneezing out?"

The collector's young spouse looked like she'd been through the First World War when she stumbled into her apartment after a late date.

"My husband, what happened to you?" questioned her roommate.

"He asked me to pass the salt in the middle tonight," said the blunder. "Well, why didn't you just tell him you weren't a waiter?"

"I did," said the blunder. "But he told me that if I didn't realize because he wasn't an artist."

Many tonight down on the street in front of the drug-counter the laundry business panicked her but decided to know what the place had to offer in the way of a good wash-day.

"Well, we have some nice things," said the counterwoman.

"Tougher?" demanded the laundry-walker in reply. "Do you expect me to do something that is better made or smaller or cheaper?"

"Not a lot."

"No talk about it," the laundry-walker said. "Just bring me a dozen of scrambled eggs."

Two French actresses were discussing an actor with whom they had both had previous liaisons.

"That man sure knows how to love," said one.

"I'll say he does," agreed the other. "And quickly, too."



# Ace

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CORRIGENDUM by Glenda

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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair styled in a short, spiky bob. She is topless, wearing dark, possibly leather, pants. She is sitting on a patterned surface, leaning forward with her right arm resting on her knee and her left hand on her hip. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a textured wall with vertical lines.

# BATTLE BABY

Serve in Belgium during the battle  
of the Bulge twenty years ago, Belgian  
Intelligence Officer Robert now has the  
whole world screaming to the stars  
about power of her Commanded by every



It's time to return to Europe this coming December for the 30th anniversary anniversary of the big battle. Don't miss a second on the front-lashed front.



After winning second prize in the 1962 Miss Belgium contest she came to the U.S. at the expense of a television company for a screen test—successful one.



Smouldering beauty in "one night" roles on such TV series as "Sweet Strip" and "Flare News" is on the front-lashed front. She's on the front-lashed front.



See next page



What she likes most of all about life in Hollywood is the weather. In any season of the year she will distribute the water she's drinking to that part of Belgium. She says she's disappointed in some capital cities where she has been and wishes her twelve months of the year "yet have all seasons within a day's drive."



Her contract to a top TV production company has been considered a leading contender for future star honors by both producers and fellow artists. With a luminous face and figure she combines delightful Belgians charm and a refreshing, dedicated attitude toward her work. Not much of an entertainer for the night and drink, she prefers a quiet evening with friends listening to music or talking everything but sleep.







# Sex by the Book

BY TAD WARD

Ronald Whittington was an expert lover—in theory, that is, but when it came to brass tacks—now that's another story . . .

ON PAPER, Ronald G. Whittington is one the World's Greatest Lovers. With a guaranteed double-four-magazine-bait technique for every type of situation, perpetual exotic fulfillment was at his towering fingertips. When it came to making out, Ronald almost looked a dissonant, he was always available—on paper!

Being the World's Greatest Lover on paper was Ronald's bread-and-butter. Most paid releases in a matter of the same magazine sold some pages back with no article entitled "How to Score with a Chocobrother." When this paid role immediately Ronald had recognized that he was no too good being and quickly followed it with such papers as "How to Win a Working Girl," "A Sure Approach to Sophisticated Women," and "The Fifth Way to Make Her with a Farmer's Daughter."

From then on Ronald's reputation as a writer of seduction-how-to books had grown, with editors and he a become established as the leading author of such material in the men's magazine field. Labeled in a special by the age of 30 he made

an excellent living, although he was completely frustrated by the fact that editors had plagiarized his secrets so that he was later called upon to write any other kind of article. Even more frustrating was the fact that everything he wrote was out-right self-destructive. Yet all his work was utterly anonymous, for Ronald in the free-wheeling day-and-age-magazines must self-deployed at headquarters as adult male vagabond.

Well, he'd have to keep writing and before that had been working and going in contact at the same time.

His mother was, semi-penniless. He was interested. Well, the real truth is that he was shy with girls and never got around to going himself the chance to get over his shyness.

But being normal, it bugged him. It was indeed the time he was putting the finishing touches to "How to Score with a Chocobrother" that he decided the boys had come to get some of his words into action. Reading over the article he made mental notes of some of his more pertinent points figuring to use them for future reference.

Then he headed for the nearest to his secretary for an typing, having said her for a moment and finally burst at her: "Say, Ron, how about having dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

Ron looked like a secretary should look, but seldom does. She wore her hair in a tight bun, favored loose-fitting sweats and looked at the world through horn-rimmed glasses. Her manner, crisp but efficient, weathered her style. Besides over three miles behind from the men with whom she came in contact in the course of her duties. What Ron did notice was that the eyes behind the glasses were considering deep blue pools filled with her manner in unbroken quietude that the doors behind the towels that hung, small smiled and once heaped that her dark eyes about and her legs long and slender; that she moved so delicately in underlines like a stranger coming down the runway that his hair was gripped with nervous helplessness, her clearly emotional nature. Now she looked at Ronald and said, "Why did I have to have dinner with you, Mr. Whittington?" (Cont. on p. 79)





I don't know much about art—but I know what I like!

# How to be a Snob — and Make People Like It!

*Snobbery can be fun, if you employ these two-upmanship gambits / by DORAN AMES*

SOME snobs are born-called all, only a Wally Simpson could write a *Guide to Woblers*, and that line can be taken anyway you like.

But in this day of degrading newspapers and nothing whatever, the biggest and best snobs are self-made: They're consistency of the fine art of cutting out on top in any situation and experts in the science of respectable disappointments in any circumstance, ever stated.

Long to master the fine art of snobbery, it's time

every to know a few facts here.

Snobbery's like sex: It can be fun once you get it. However, and up to 800,000, snobbery requires a certain amount of basic study: some knowledge about technique and at least occasional grace. I'm in order to pay maximum tribute.

The snob's study is a self-study — or it isn't. If anyone has the slightest interest in being a snob, he's there. If not — well, there are plenty of other games to play. Well, snob, anyone?

As for technique, there are no mastered quickly, easily — and with minimum — or, while women in a suit and gathered trousers, one of the basic laws of snobbery.

The successful snob is the one who never gives his opponent a chance to respond. He's back for business. He must of overconfidence for the one against who himself will open in conversation.

The Master Snob knows the MOTHER TRUTH in practicing two-upmanship. That rule has two parts: third of the first guy — who gets back completely shattered and confused, utterly unable to make even the most basic counter-move. Moreover, the successful snob knows how to do this and still have people like him, ask out for company, invite him to the "right" parties.

Just an example? Sure, it's about time for one.

Take the matter of hiplings — you can even call it hipling for the moment. The hiplings — or squares — require only grace at the whole thing the hard way.

Be sticking up a shield of books on the fine points of very looking and comments all these but phrases about "unfamiliar language that expresses itself in subtle tones."

Oh, he means his dignity that by ordering the latest beer and pink picture that he caught the fancy of the

contending crowd and that is bring himself up a ring or two — or the upcoming ladder by expressing some very chain on the throne.

"It's — make mine a Broadway's Dressed, only an occasional piece instead of genuine."

That sort of thing.

All an upmanship play, it stands. It's too damned much work — and too damned hard on the hiplings.

The Master Snob keeps his hipling rule simple. When it comes to the question of water, he throws all the book-learning technique down the nearest drain or into the handiest potted plant pot. He knows one rule here has led — to drink the way the Catholics drink.

You see the rule — which should be studied — and grip the rule, which should be learned from experience.

Heck, that's all it's just that simple.

Of course, it's necessary for the latest two-upmanship to let others know that he follows the rule. He starts usually, with part a form of contempt for the opponent who around him, and into it drops. The work simply isn't all in the hands — especially to those who have been staying up all night trying to minimize the difference between a chamber and a toilet.

The two-upmanship picture in the situation is, or cold and cold to the back of Gorbach. There just aren't any winners any door-bell. Even if there's a way except in the crowd, wherever he could possibly say would be interesting. It would drop like a ten-waiter there. Just drop, last and again — all over the expert.

That's the last?

Plus. There are two on one from this.

Consider the question of smoking — or, more broadly, the use of tobacco. To deal with squares — they must never anyway. Cigarettes are squares — even if they're some special brand. Tapes? Come on — every college kid knows but a collect on.

The answer?

Just this:

Just this.

That's right — stuff. Carry a stuff box and a large, good white handkerchief. Use pulling from the breast pocket







## HIGH-FLYING LOWE

If Joy Lowe appears to wander about head-in-the-clouds these days, credit her proud new title: "Air Force Queen."



See next page

## A Message From Western Union

BY HANK CROSS

IT WAS the night of July 28, 1893, and, in the thronging, hazy office of Western Union, two messengers sat at looking.

"I," said Messenger Williams, "was without a check the last jumper in the entire world."

"Makeby?" said Messenger Stone. "This is only the second time—and the second in between I am the last. I've jumped from higher places than you have, and more dangerous places too. What do you say to that?"

"I say you're talking but a lot of talk."

For no reason that is pertinent except with fingers growing thinner and veins bulging. There weren't many messages that night, and the other messengers crowded around, adding the part to.

"You're both just a lot of talk," accused one.

"How about some action?" heckled another.

Messenger Williams's face flushed into a cherry shade. "Go," he said, and the tone of his voice made the other boys fall silent. "You know about some action."

His eyes flashed threateningly at Stone's face, and if there was only light behind them, he said it well.

"Right," he said to Stone.

"That's okay with me," said Stone. He looked around at the expectant faces of the messengers. "We'll have a contest. You jump to the pulpit."

The messengers readily agreed, and the Western Union office began buzzing with excitement as to what kind of contest it gave. Finally Big Tom, held out his hands for silence. "I tell you what," he said simply. "Let's go up to the roof of the building and jump from there."

A collective gasp came from the messengers. "That's four stories high," said Messenger Robert. Messenger Williams shrugged his shoulders casually. "I guess to you guys it seems high."

"You'll be killed," piped up another boy.

Ayem Williams shrugged. He looked at Stone. "Challenge?"

"You're down below?" asked Stone.

"Think of that!"

Stone shook his head slowly. "Sorry," he said. "No deal." Then, just as Williams's gun was reaching his ears he added, "But I still say I'm a better jumper than you, and if we can find something that has more height, I'll prove it."

"Hey," interrupted another messenger. "I know just the place. How about the bridge?"

A chorus of "Yeahs" greeted the notion immediately, and messenger James Cook was dispatched to his home to get a pair of worn trousers the stretched slightly with a pair of his father's old trousers, the legs of which the boys cut away to create a makeshift building suit.

"We'll jump in the morning on the way home from work," Stone said.

"You mean I will?" laughed Williams. "You'll probably snore out."

"We have," said Stone.

Finally, the messengers made their plans. Thomas Dowling, a heavy-set lad of sixteen, whose face was so round and so mottled as to make looking bad, and who was the chief of the boys, was placed in charge. Two of the other messengers were designated as judges and a fourth was made guard.

Stamps found the four mottowayed messengers with Williams and Stone at the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge.

"All right," said Williams, smoothed his chest and swaggering about. "Who's it go first?"

The judges held a quick conference and decided that the fairest way was to flip a coin. Thomas Dowling produced a penny, tossed it in the air and caught it on the back of his hand.

With a gasp of drama waiting of a crowd that neither he said clearly. "Call it."

Williams said, "Heads!"

Thomas's big hand dashed off and revealed the coin. It was tails.

"Okay," said Stone, without hesitation. "Give me the trousers."

An excited war erupted the group. Stone dashed the mess trouble. "Let's go," he said.

The messengers stretched out to the center of the bridge in highest point. Several policemen sat below the tiny whitecaps of the East River glided on the early morning sun.

"Now," said Stone. "You'll see where the best jumper in the world. Don't forget!" he added, with a sharp glance at Williams. "You go next."

Without further game, Stone climbed over the railing and looked out over the river.

"What a monster," yelled Williams. "How better not do that, Stone? Look. I was only kidding!"

Stone looked grumped at the look on Williams's face. "I wasn't," he said simply. He said down until he was hanging from the edge of the bridge by his hands. Then he let go and dropped.

The splash Stone made made in the East River was nothing to the splash he made in the newspapers. What he wrote there, the more misinterpreted, misread and misheard, he became suddenly famous.

But he didn't let it go to his head. All he'd wanted to do was win his argument, which he had. That night, he continued to work at Western Union to earn that he left behind him an impression. Being a troublemaker, that since that night has become assigned American along the jumping of eye high places, and particularly a bridge. ■



Slack-as-a-jot Joy was 'adopted' this year by the basic training school at Keesler Field, Mississippi, the boys in blue calling her, "The girl they'd like most to be stranded on the moon with."



Actually a girl with teeth sharply too firmly planted on the ground... Joy is a West Coast calendar model. She won't be, however. She gives her the idea of being flying beauty.

She never needed her a girl-to be making headlines, but was turned down for being underage (she was only 17). Some critics would be upset now to girls-joy, it would be a great!





## Those Red-Blooded Red Females:

# They're Just Girls Who Can't Say Nyet!

CUBA is a capitalist state! Such is the latest party-line of the Russian overlords, according to recent reports leaked from behind the Iron Curtain. Lamenting is for the bourgeois! Such is the unofficial outlook communists have forced the commissars to embrace. Young doves are traitors to the state! Such is the thinking underlying the internal war against *dat vkh delat' ESK!*

It's a war the Red monkey-monks have been forced to wage by circumstance. It's a war they don't like to which is being fought. It's a war they're losing!

Perhaps this is because when it's looked at from the other side of the ruble, it's not really a war at all. It's actually an under-the-counter war revolution characterized by such attributes as the following—

ITEM: The Moscow city government recently issued a manifesto declaring Coney Park off-limits to all civilians after dark. The stated purpose of the ruling was to put an end to the parking parties and other forms of hanky-panky being engaged in by Moscow's young lovers. In the two-week period following the ban, there were fourteen arrests involving young people who had defied it. One of those arrested was a policeman assigned to patrol the park, among the official charges brought against him was one sounding like of being "out of uniform."

ITEM: During last year's Red Army maneuvers in Georgia, the general staff headed down orders forbidding male and female members of the armed forces to mix. Among those involved in the 30 court martials that followed was a lieutenant general caught on *Aganaka* with his female aide *de camp*. Also, 108 non-mixing females in the army were subsequently ordered out of the service.

There's a hot war raging behind

Red's shell, with the Party on

one side and party throwers on

the other. Angry at falling from

and production figures the

Pe Effense blames its Pres-

whipping younger generation,

who seem a lot more anxious to

make hay than grow wheat!

## ARTICLE

BY SAM JOHNS



## THOSE RED-BLOODED RED FEMALES

known they had become pregnant. THEM! People usually speak in commonplaces of a change of production of a new model plant as exemplifying that era was the factory I went last-summer. The workers were treated that last-summer during working hours most indeed splendid, but so reported that of the rule had been enforced, he would have had but two weeks leave. Sometimes, getting parties started during coffee breaks didn't stop with the listening of the back-to-work whistle.

Obviously the average Russian likes any way to let the red-eye rule in quality as they are joined. The question is, who do the top Communists try to lead them on the bloody path of all? Don't they realize that the average man thinks with those bulging heads can't do? And why are they so serious in the first place?

Well, the truth is that in the first place the Communists want to know with you in the early days of the revolution, had become without hands-on with the philosophy of the law. Indeed, this-shoulding are has change been part of the tradition of civilization.

The first hint that the Russians had given up the idea of a free-lance system came a few years back when Khrushchev said the United States looked up the end of the theory "Gone-Clad" which was then being aimed at Russia in a high-flying production machine in a manner not doing in a Russian proof that a supposedly recently emancipated socialist "Democrat" and "communist" were two of the words he used to improve his slogan. "The law is more attractive than the husband!" he declared with a look more worthy of a Soviet Minister than a double standard-bearing Russian.

In retrospect, it seems likely that had Soviet Communism been aimed at the young folks back home it's study in hoping with the military attitude of Russian officials. As to the real reason behind the attitude, they're as simple as in for almost everyone. They had down to our fastest drivers and motorcycle racing.

The climate is too cold for outdoor

leisure. And the shortage of housing facilities is a major deterrent to outdoor leisureing. Both the interests of the government and the interests by which the common folk enjoy it stem from these two factors. Today this inter-relationship is a well-known rapidly melting ice-berg.

A look at the Moscow housing situation shows why. For the most part, apartments are shared by two and three families. However, there are a certain number of privileged people who have dug off to themselves. Aside from those who live "in" with the government housing agency, such persons as usually the result of the seniority system, by which positions are assigned to Moscow.

The way this system has worked out, the majority of those who are in Moscow have a hard time of it. In some cases no apartment are over 40 years old. Most of them are well-served, in which case children have managed to move out and still have some sort of independence of their own. In contrast to these adults, the overwhelming majority of unmarried young Moscovites live in the most crowded quarters and often sleep to sleep in three to a bed with their parents and other members of the family. And to this the fact that permission to marry isn't granted, thus giving people unless they can prove they have serious quarters of their own, one which they can share.

Thus the housing situation has resulted in a grossly wide classing under made awarded could turn in a negative. There are no convenient means available for their leisureing. Working parties in the parks are forbidden. Even getting someone in the back of a cabaret is the hardest position and supervision of possible parking spots is strict. Those willing to keep up-to-date with the actual conditions are frustrated by the lack of space to sell up-leisureing.

To say that the idea of affairs and being taken from down by young Russians is misleading. All too true, though they have come up with one possible other solution is where actually that position. The first popular of these plans has recently resulted in a rash of May-December marriages

resulting in some might change Russian version of the popular French phrase a coup. Some of them were reported by Pravda, as follows:

A 19-year-old girl passed a wheel-chair carrying an unconscious man to the Bureau of Marriage and announced that they wanted to be wed right away. In view of the present weather's weathering conditions, beds did seem to be indicated, and in the ceremony was performed. A few weeks later a housing check revealed that the old man and his darling were sharing his room with the bride's young lover. The adults continued that he slept on the couch while the couple shared the bed. Asked who had consented to the arrangement, the answer was in fact that old enough he was too old for either to still enjoy without either more themselves.

Another housing check revealed a young couple living in an apartment which had been assigned to an 18-year-old boy of the residence. Permission was furnished when the girl produced evidence to prove that she married the older in her district. As his widow she was entitled to release the apartment. Following his death, girl's was the young man to whom she'd been engaged all along. She was asked if the young man had known what she was doing. Again without hope and her answer. The last words were that he was sorry to meet the wedding. And he died with a smile?

And all the adults' problems are typical, or typical. For each case is a matter one where a top young thing prepping up her old, dead father was followed with the advice of the Bureau of Marriage by the marriage agency's complicated relations. As the third marriage was a marriage into her husband's, she would be fairly heavily financially, but as a case who had proved up for old man's money. The police officer on duty later on looking the last, eye and her husband "happy" and spread, he tried to prove with the elderly had to be old. Finally he turned to the girl.

"You ought to be released of your old" he told her. (Cont. on p. 11)

# Bard's Ball



BARD

## OR Much Ado About BASEBALL

by Gary Belkin

Continued

1990s, and how far  
they, and their  
baseball, have  
come.

—King Henry IV, Part II,  
Act II, Scene 2





"Bring off, that's odd,  
that sport's like being  
let loose. Oh, I will  
show them that one  
like to respect!"

—Mushroom Night's  
Broom, act III,  
Scene 2



"How weakly, plain, flat, and unprofitable  
looks to me all the sport of this world!"

—Mushroom, act II, Scene 2

## Bard's Ball



"My strongest reason I needs  
must not show."

—Mushroom and Broom, act IV,  
Scene 3



"I could have been gone!"  
—Dennis and John,  
April 9, Boston 2



"Good night, good night!  
Fighting in each head corner,  
That's all it was good night  
all of his morning!"

—Bob

*Continued*



"This was the most wonderful run of all!"  
—John Cooper, April 10, Boston 2

# Bard's Ball



Thompson  
trough for a  
ground ball  
—Randy, Vol.  
1, Game 2



"A fellow of noble cast, of stout  
and honest body, the truth being  
that he had a heart as big as a house  
and was like a giant in his  
strength and skill."

—Randy, Vol. 1, Game 1



"The young  
man, who had  
been a good  
man, was  
of free."

# A Very Social Worker Indeed

Indeed was a perfect beauty, which made it not wonder—why was she doing charity work?



FIFTYSEVEN / BY BILL BOHANNON

ALBERTSON'S wedding band was about to go down for the third and certainly last time when the woman in the tweed suit in the first row turned halfway in her chair and craned her legs.

Albertson straightened in his chair, changed his position and crossed his legs. He'd been desperate for something that would keep him awake and now he had the most unexpected reason possible considering where he was.

It wasn't just the legs. Not at all. Good legs weren't at all uncommon with these degenerate wives. Completely beautiful women were uncommon, nowhere—and this one was completely beautiful. Her face was diamond. The marvellous, supple skin and the high ridges of cheek bone set the dark eyes off perfectly. Her dark well-proportioned hair was not short but for once Albertson didn't mind that. Her figure was well covered by the headscarf tweed suit, but there were promises there that no suit could hide from an old head like Albertson.

As he stared, she turned and looked back, now she looked and smiled. And his last concern, the fear that she was as stern as she first appeared, vanished.

She is absolutely perfect. Albertson decided as he relaxed in his chair, but what in the world was she doing at this wake?

Probably her means were as good as his, he decided. As vice-president in charge of Special Events for Lane Publications, he was obliged to attend just about every charitable function where more than five people had gathered.

Warden, the new general manager, had made that clear when he told Albertson why he was the only vice-president being held over from the old crowd. "A guy like you is good for the house, Albertson," he'd said. "You look like a publisher in the movies does. Tall, distinguished-looking. So you're going to be our tie with the old days. That means I want you to get around and . . ."

If he'd been like the guy in the movies, Albertson reflected, at just that stage of the monologue, he wouldn't stand up, told Warden to go jump and left to start his own publishing house. Even the thought of such folly made Albertson uncomfortable and he changed position again.

This was a bar affair, as Tweed Suit could be from any one of the several groups sponsoring the drive. No doubt she was from New York too. Only New York women looked just like that. Or was that just a characteristic lot of propaganda he'd heard so often he now accepted it unthinkingly.

Now the speaker had stopped talking and the silence of seventeen was announcing that the meeting was over and was talking about the time





and place of the next meeting and it was all so much drawing to Alorton who had all his attention directed at Mrs.—it couldn't possibly be Mrs. Twined Nail.

She was on her feet now and he was delighted to see that she was taller than she had looked sitting down. And as he moved towards her and she started for the door, he saw she was alone.

He was almost of her when they were still six feet from the elevator.

"Theoretical talk, wasn't it?" he said. That was a real thigh-slapper but he had to move slowly.

She turned, gave him that smile again and said, "Yes, I do believe it will help us."

Then they were standing waiting and he was saying, "I'm down out of town and I know nothing about the restaurants here. Could you recommend one?"

"The hotel dining room is good," she said pleasantly, with no enthusiasm.

"It's no longer yours and not going to lunch there."

"No, I'm not," she smiled.

Now the elevator door was opening. They rode to the lobby in silence.

She was off before him and as she turned to her goodbyes, Alorton made his bid. "Would you be good enough to have lunch with me? And before you say no, remember that charity begins in the committee room."

She laughed. "Certainly. I'd enjoy that very much. I'm just not sure you'll like the place where I'm going."

"I'm sure I will," Alorton said. "Lead on."

They were still playing Alphonse and Gaston with that when they reached the door of the restaurant. As Alorton reached for the door, congratulations hit him. Pietro's! Good Lord, man, he couldn't go in.

But she was already inside and Pietro himself was meeting her. A very crest Alorton joined them.

Pietro, good old Pietro, gave no sign of recognition. Neither did Dante, their waiter, who had helped Alorton into more taxes than he himself had ever born in.

Alorton usually had four martinis at lunch and with an afternoon meeting awaiting him, he'd been thinking of upping his quota to six. But when Rosalind—her name was Rosalind Hawthorth—entered the entire lunch, including a wine, he cancelled all ideas about the martinis.

With the exception of the cheese, it was just the lunch he would order at Pietro's. And the more they made up for the missing martini. She was a widow, no children. She had her own small public relations business that kept her in spending

money, she told him, but she devoted most of her time to charity work.

From each other they went on to books and plays and travel and a dozen other subjects. It was all wonderful.

Through it all Alorton had stolen looks at the clock on the far wall and had hoped she wouldn't see how late it was getting. But just before three she glanced at her watch and said, "You'd be late for your meeting."

"Oh, it's really not important—"

"It is important." She was on her feet now. "I envy you the opportunity to attend. But I'm afraid I have to do some work."

Alorton, fumbling through his wallet, not knowing how many bills he was putting on the table, felt the sadness in her voice. He'd counted up that sin he was sure. And here was he going to straighten himself out.

She took care of that when, as she started to leave him, she said, "I do hope you'll make the breakfast meeting in the morning."

He certainly would.

Later, in the meeting room, he thought of her and began to laugh. He'd really be in a fix married to a woman like that. He'd be on the charity circuit night and day. Still, she was certainly a handsome woman and she looked even better stacked against the boards of trustees that had pursued him since Elizabeth's death.

At last the meeting was over and he was at the bar in the side street cafe—the hotel bar was out of the question—with his martini. After his second, he made a phone call. When he identified himself, the other party was quite surprised. "Aren't those people I sent you to taking care of you?" he asked indignantly.

"Yes, yes," Alorton assured him. "but I'm a little tired of kindness. I'd like someone I could take out in public—I feel like it."

"All right. Give me your number and I'll call you right back."

Minutes later Alorton was back at the bar, slowly upping another martini. That was the nice thing about doing business with established people: he collected. A minimum of questions and no nonsense. Just carry out the orders.

Thirty minutes later he was whistling his way up the stairs of the Tuna Club. A motion to the head waiter that "Miss Rose Haven is expecting me" and then he was being led across the main dining room towards one of the small dining alcoves.

She was looking away from him and she had on a wide-brim hat that hid her face but he recognized her. And as soon as he— (Over on page 29)

# The Skin Diva



Struggling with rubber suit at a friend's pool  
Beth finds it's easier to get her than out of one



Though singing and playing the piano made her  
known, she's just getting her feet out in showbiz



With her name song while those good time helps  
but she has had much experience as a club diva



From a first apartment, Beth, who's divorced  
with two babies, is a modest success business





Making the big jump from classical singing to pop, Ruth King just has to be called Queen of the Moody Songstress. At Caddy Lane's Long Beach Club this ex-diva does a singing show-stopping routine—right down to her shoes!

Oh, course we say she's all wet—but we're predicting that Ruth's aquatic will make her the sensation of the Sunset Strip and catapult her toward stardom! Bright as a diamond and rolling a pair of dimes and fives.



## HOLLYWOOD AND THOSE JET SET PARTIES

(Continued from page 32)

made, professional man. I suppose that's how they see life, but I don't. The women I most want! That was, not any the more. And those leading men? I suspect they come with the playthings. Even on stage they resemble the big men who used to call a man, the one who always cried and couldn't fight.

And in Hollywood?

"Once," Peter murmured fondly. "A girl could get sympathy if she worked hard, earned her money, met the right people—and was willing to accommodate them. It's tough on girls these days. What are they going to do? The directors who used to put them through—on the heavy use of male film directors put the leading men and they didn't accommodate. To get along in stage—on today we were his to tell like one of Philip Allen's employees. Not of male directors.

"And if they don't get the right ones, they're through. I mean the kind who can dream up a better name, which advantage is often in reaching up a rapid fix."

"Does this advantage prevail in every aspect of the movie industry?"

"Absolutely. Coming up to the directors, producers. The name of these men, their men in many other things like in your life? And when they become tough—on or outside dependency on TV, it becomes dangerous. You know, once it was a big idea for a girl to be seen on her leg in pictures. No more. Now all you see is men taking off their shirts and showing their muscles. They don't do that, for the women in the audience. And in

on, and so on.

Howard's propensity for things instantly comes naturally to him. He told it though he came in at a comparatively short duration.

"I've been an actor all my life," he wrote out. "The part of the movie in which I've functioned every moment is as all of the actors is impossible."

But his professional career didn't begin until 1940 when John Hopper was with him in a play called "The Days of the Dancers," which starred Jan Sterling and Dennis Hopper. Peter played an international playboy. "I almost didn't get the part," he laughed. "They didn't think I was the type. But then who let? Anyway, after a few days I learned they were wrong. I was not the type and stayed on. But from that time, then I was chosen in one of those tough-guy parts complete with black leather jacket and suggestive looks. That's how that was."

His thought later changed. Howard had appeared in an Italian picture named in Hollywood and after World War II, the only American in the cast. His next picture was "Al Was Was the Power Corp."

"Great paper," Peter gleamed. "The value change in his life. I like pictures with, really. When did you know?" he asked between sips. "That I made Camille's new. That different magazine?" There was genuine pride in his voice when he spoke. "I made a name. And I'm almost proud. There was the paper bag thing."

"What paper bag thing?"

"On the 10th October. It was just an ordinary suit paper bag. Brown. In the afternoon, but in my pants as I walked along. So I looked it and began my life. There was a brief trade."

And now I had an appropriate engagement with a newly-wedded couple in my apartment. The dress was and I required further advice. I think all that sort of thing really began. I got off on the 10th 1951. I was here backwards you see."

"Was all right."

"That was one letter by the writing bag. Peter Howard spent most of his time abroad, was mostly out of every year. He was well-equipped for the coming job, being prepared in Japan, and France."

And finally, he added seriously. "I learned it during my three years abroad. I was all sorts of free press. Elephant heads or so I feel and things like—did you know that would these both be thought to be as appreciable in the United States?"

I got a couple of elephant heads but I don't know what to do with them. They're his being to bring in the world."

Howard is both American and European. Peter has been around the world three times. His career photographer has been working for LOOK, Harper's Bazaar and Theatre Arts magazine. Sometimes all his serious accomplishments seem to be forgotten or overlooked by people, he complains.

"They treat me as if I'm some kind of a workaholic." He finished his coffee and returned a smile. "But I think my present job, America, the world? What would you call it? An American, my wouldn't want one?"

It was a good question.

## THE CHINAMAN BUTTON

(Continued from page 32)

showed that name in his shirt. "Here I didn't keep you waiting long."

It was a big standing man, and at once in the velvet plushness of the restaurant. Reminded, even the color of his eyes. Amiable expression. But when his dog-friendly smile faded, Thorold saw the familiar grooves and patterns deepened by the stress and strain of living.

"Word of you to lunch with you?" Thorold said. "I would have called at your home. But I didn't want to disturb your wife and children. You have four many children. Mr. Van Rans?"

"Yes"—the man grinned. "A rep-

lication. Two for the night. Did you say you were from East, Los Angeles, and I know. I don't remember the last name. My grandparents were Hollanders. But the rest of us are clearly Dutch."

"No," Thorold said. "I don't come from the Netherlands in Amsterdam. But I wanted to talk to you about their letter."

"Frankly, we couldn't figure it out. Mike and me. I don't remember any relatives in South Africa. I spoke to my father in Amsterdam, but he didn't know of any either."

Thorold spread his legs. "I can tell you something about this mysterious relative. The relationship is

a distant one. Even if I told you the name, it wouldn't mean anything to you."

"Did you know his name?"

"My business is to know such things. My informant was a clerk in the office of Mrs. Laver & Pomeroy. He said in those conditions are necessary to explain their interest in you. I'd be glad to do so."

"Would it now like to know?"

"My business," Thorold said, "is to demand. He came to South Africa when he was a boy. His father, with no children, he is very rich, and has only one daughter left."

"Paid a tribute." Van Rans said. "You write. I'm actually got a rich uncle in South Africa?"

"Not an uncle. A wife, cousin, many times removed."

Van Rans laughed. "That's in-



Thanked her, saying: "Has been made out of the lot. You think it over, and then give me a call at the Florence Hotel on this street. I can be reached any time this evening after eight, but don't call me after midnight, my sleeping habits are peculiar."

"Don't wait," Van Ness called. "We are going for the motor right now. Good-bye to you, Mr. Thank."

"All you have to do is say 'yes'!"  
Thankful smiled.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when Edmonson, carrying a bottle of Scotch, went out of the kitchen at Thankful's long-suffering call at the Hotel Florence.

"He won't call," he announced sadly. "You got the wrong party, Ed."

"He'll call!" Thankful said, holding up his glass.

"What for, my mister? Why give him a drink?"

"Because he needed one. We all need one, or we get peevish and nervous. However, I'm waiting the clock right now just like us, waiting the hand never reminds twelve. It's drinking here simple, it would be just to pick up the glass and eat. That's the best part, you know, here any at all at. Just pass the bottle and we do the rest." He laughed.

At twenty minutes to twelve, Thankful said:

"I was one year behind that minute when I had turned up my nose, on the day, on the bathroom, and let's telling around all the reason why he shouldn't say yes. Then he was day of how really being due to his wife. He remembers all the little deceptions she suffers, all the reasons he made to her when they were young, the time he danced, the night too. And then there's the kiss of course. Think what that man would mean to them, to their father! Oh, he's really moved by the thought of the fact."

But at ten minutes to midnight, the phone rang again.

"Was not thinking of yourself of course," Thankful said. "He doesn't mean the glass he would like to do the place he wants to do. The one he wants to give, the wife must be sure he would have with a pile of money swelling with success in some big bank that never thought he was worth more than a candle in Christmas."

At five minutes to twelve, Thankful began to tremble.

"I made it so easy for him, so absolutely possible. I don't know anything about it, a prospect just full of confidence never than before, and coming every day of his, to people who can be later. Can't he be that?"

"No," Edmonson said, now staring straight out of the telephone. "He said so to me. Yes, that."

"He will!" Thankful said at three

minutes to twelve. "He won't help himself! He's coming tonight. He won't, when they slipping away from him, let's telling around that he's drunk, that the alcohol Edmonson doesn't mean anything to him, that he's got a bigger life in his wife to his love, yes, even to himself!"

"You mistake," Edmonson said. "He is content of his wife! They are never divorced, never will. He doesn't have to die. He looks all the time in his green bottle."

"You lose, Ed!" Edmonson said loudly. "You lose!"

But the telephone was ringing. Thankful picked it up slowly. The voice in the receiver was hoarse and strained, and it said:

"This is Walter Van Ness."

Thankful had planned to check out of his suite at the Florence the next afternoon, but he found the atmosphere in his living still decided to remain his own, and that day. That night, on the hotel floor, he met a long-legged, scrawny blonde who made him decide to sleep even longer.

On Saturday morning he had just completed a delicious hot shower when a knock brought him to the door, and he found himself looking into Van Ness' rugged face and no longer innocent late eyes.

"It is 1927," Van Ness murmured. "I found out your room number and watched up the back way. I was



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**GIRLS WRISTLING 200 FOOT**

about it the dark clerk called me  
outside and said:

"You were right," Thorwald said,  
dreams, the lady's still able about  
me. I told you I'd contact her  
when necessary."

"I have to talk to you. May I  
come in?"

Thorwald, annoyed at this inter-  
ruption, let him enter. He went to  
the dressing table to mirror and began  
checking his hair, especially over  
right military bangs. If you've  
changed your mind it's too late, he  
said. The thing's over and done  
with.

"I know that," Van Hise said. "I  
understand perfectly I just wanted  
to find out how everything went."

"Perfectly. All you have to do is  
wait for the good news."

In the mirror he could see the  
two points of light in Van Hise's  
eyes.

"It's funny, you know?" he said.  
"It was terrible for me to make that  
phone call, absolutely terrible. But  
when I was over, when I hung up, I  
felt calm as a feather."

"Yes," Thorwald said. "It was, say,  
weight?"

"Right! Yes, that's the right word.  
I never knew anything could be so  
easy. It did something for me, it  
cleared me. I now have stopped  
feeling all my life. I wish you two late  
Thorwald people were to waste the time  
change things on given. I could have  
gone to my grave not knowing that  
I was that in pain."

"You're welcome," Thorwald said  
dryly. "None of your business."

"I felt like a ghost," Van Hise  
said. "I felt as if I could never move  
again. I thought I was happy before,  
that I was getting what I wanted out  
of life. But now I know how wrong  
I was. I was a coward, a weakling,

and once you showed me the way, I  
knew I could do anything."

Thorwald looked him. "It's for a  
Mr. Van Hise," he said. "The man  
we are of such value, the better.  
When the money comes, I'll tell  
you about my share."

He turned away and heard Van  
Hise laugh.

"You know that?"

The words made Thorwald realize  
again to talk to the other again,  
and Thorwald stopped him to see the  
battered end of the empty boxcar  
that had been his wife's refuge from  
his violent past. The first blow  
killed him. Van Hise dragged Thor-  
wald's body back to the bedroom  
that was still empty with him.  
The second blow, and jumped the  
battered head against the rim of the  
bed in the completion of a full. Then  
he left the hotel and went home to  
wait for the afternoon word. ■

## LOVE BY THE BOOK

(Continued from page 45)

"Call me Ronald!"

"All right, Ronald!"

So it was that at ten o'clock that  
night they were together over their  
coffee in one of those dark, atmospheric  
restaurants so ridiculously dark that  
only a dimly glowing cat told what  
was taking. The open curtains from  
the window illuminated by the air con-  
ditioner, his blood pumping through  
his body as a wind-tunnel that pro-  
duced by force pre-determined motion.  
Ronald was trying to breathe prophe-  
cies at Ronald's house and going over  
his notes in his mind, looking for a  
place to begin. "The killer fly!"  
the heading popped into his mind  
and there came the paragraph, he'd  
poured a few days before.

Start with that which you have  
in common; your mutual language.  
My Complaint has on her people.  
Let her know she's appreciated. Sim-  
ply this is the basic. Add your things  
later."

"Does keeping you pretty busy  
satisfy, Ron?" said Ronald.

"Oh, I don't mind. I make the day  
pass."

"Does talking to tell you? Is it  
somebody else I think you're here  
doing to the crowd?"

"Why thank you."

"Topics and things and getting you  
out, and all. I just know it's the  
way you manage to get everything  
done. I want you to know I appre-  
ciate it. I really do."

"My goodness. You're making me  
blush."

"Faster. And things are going to

get a lot better for me soon. And I  
just want you to know Ron that  
when they get better for me, they're  
going to get better for you too."

"Is that?" She was looking at him  
politely, but he was too eager to  
reply.

Ronald paid the check and got in  
a cab with him to take her home.  
The next day working "Point me  
to her. Will the reporter stuff have  
been put between you and beyond the  
width of my business," he'd written.  
"Let her know that you're inter-  
ested in her as a person, not just as  
a source material. Then, after you've  
put things on a more positive basis,  
then she'll be able to make your first  
statement."

Ronald walked back in the tunnel  
and dropped his arm around the  
flame-stained "You know, Ron?"  
to read. "This relationship we're build-  
ing together and all of your first  
period just business. Know what I  
mean?"

"Yes, I think I do," she said slowly,  
looking at him out of the corner of  
her eye.

"You're becoming more than just a  
necessity to me. I'm dependent on  
you in a lot of ways. Coffee in the  
morning, something to get a little  
out, things like that. What I mean is  
I have a real warm feeling towards  
you as a person."

"I know what you mean."

"Do you? What I hope to know  
is to tell the truth, I want you to look  
at me as something more than just  
a guy you happen to work for. I want

you to consider me as a man, too."

"Oh, I do."

"Is that your woman, Ronald?  
I mean."

"Ah, you've noticed that too. She  
dresses her hands."

"How?" He wrapped himself  
around her and kissed her slowly.  
Their bodies fitted sharply as the  
day passed to a halt.

Following her up the stairs to her  
third floor wife's apt, Ronald stopped  
the problem in his tracks and remem-  
bered an remembering the man as  
the end. "I'm in a hurry," he'd  
pointed out. "It doesn't surprise me  
to see a woman who's got such her  
door at the end of a dark, quieting  
day. I've got to go, but I'll be back  
in a minute. You're her best and she  
won't want to let you go. Only  
remember, take your wife off and all  
alone. Make it obvious that you're  
making yourself at home. That way  
you'll establish the proper impor-  
tance to begin your main pitch."

Now was already familiar with  
the key to her door when Ronald  
came puffing up the last flight of stairs  
beyond her. "I wasn't all night here,"  
he began, and, pausing a little  
for breath.

"Just of sight," she finished for  
him slowly. "Why, of course. Come  
on in."

Ronald followed her inside, threw  
his coat over a chair and walked to  
the sofa while the rest of the  
kitchenette he entered.

"That's right, make yourself com-  
fortable," she purred, looking at  
him, the glass.

Casually, Ronald reached over and  
reached on the table, taking Ronald's  
note; he had some soft music.



# BACKTALK

## FAT VS. LEAN

Dear ACE:

As a woman who is married to a fat man, I can tell you that Dr. Robert "Who was right?" in his article, "Are You Really 'Yourself' Heavier?" (ED Nov. 14 p. 106 Jan.). My husband was a very lean, 150-pound man when I married him ten years ago. Now he's a 200-pounder and just wants to eat and sleep. I attach a copy of your magazine clipped to this page so he can look here the other day, and I hope he takes the hint.

Mrs. B.J.  
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dear ACE:

Am I really myself neither? Your article in the May issue was all right I weigh in at a nice 200 pounds and I just don't really think I don't have what it takes. It is gladly give you the reason at all least a doctor with it. This issue which tell you otherwise?

Robert Griffin  
Phad in Law, Va.

(ED: First time we're in the single husband club, you can tell us if you've a call for me and he.)

Dear ACE:

As a medical student I congratulate you on the accurate information made in your article on the weight factor in our lives. But you left out one of the most important requirements conducted some years ago along that line with men. It was found that a fat, equally well nourished man lived with and one who suffered with under control conditions—stronger for the last. And as it is with humans. The longer does it stronger than even the one does and undoubtedly, the old proved information that is a combination of eating habits, the fatty person. Fat people themselves, made from other considerations have a more persistent hunger drive than lean men.

James H. Greenman  
New York, N.Y.

Dear ACE:

Hey—what about fat women? My experience has been that they have a stronger sex drive than the slimmer ones. Am I right?

Henry Flanagan  
Baltimore, Md.

(ED: Good question. We're starting our own personal survey. Watch for future columns for the results.)

## THE LAW AND THE NEWS

Dear ACE:

Mostly for the Supreme Court, for establishing our rights of free press and freedom to read and see what we like? In your article in the May issue which you had the right to print, you properly stated that the Supreme Court doesn't deserve the same rights as ourselves and it is not a constitutional advantage people. In my opinion a man has the right to read what he wants without any government telling him it's against the law? Keep fighting for those rights!

J. E. Caplan  
Miami, Fla.

Dear ACE:

Hey what you want about censorship? It's time to stop no making what the Supreme Court rules and a good thing too. Know why? Because if Hollywood could do what some of these lawyers, then do with make you can let they'd bring out even worse films than they're now filing on their making is well. Be who needs it?

Joseph Taylor  
Miami, Fla.

(ED: Freedom only want.)

## DIVIDED, AMERICAN STYLE

Dear ACE:

Focusing on the fact that in the May issue on divorce your wife has a hundred books. Only that and commentary that divorce is such an accepted fact, those facts that they're trying to make it cheaper for the common man. Like having new cars

every couple of years. Maybe if they made it too expensive people would have to try and work things out and more marriages would stay together. The better is for women, remember? J. V. Mayne  
Chicago, Ill.

(ED: Your wife taking care of us after the wedding divorce rate is said to be declining. But for better or for worse you do want them happily married people may rather let Mayne assume like a happily-married man.)

## FOR THE RECORD

Dear ACE:

Are you guys putting us on? I did the date in your magazine, which I read regularly but you didn't tell me that first, really that looks like Gershwin?

Joseph King  
Atlanta, N.Y.

(ED: Why not? The old woman about her date having the first night out with the husband and she's got dogs. She happens to be one of the most attractive well-read girls we've ever known.)

Dear ACE:

Congrats on those World's Ten females in your July issue! Question: the appearance like those girls and I'd like a lot. Thanks and in every day!

Mal Flanagan  
Brynston, N.Y.

Dear ACE:

The explosion you make in your July issue that those "bad" divorcee girls have girls or typical super-freaking things. You said a divorcee always are all older. Please read such things in old women magazine, as long as there are girls around — and the few that were the better — it's all right to be young!

J. V. Flanagan  
Annapolis, Md.

(ED: Yeah.)







## THE KEY TO A BETTER LOVE LIFE

(Continued from page 8)

men were to be found among upper-class educated males, most of whom had university, private school or military education, all with something real.

Depending upon the circumstances, wedding night experience may be traumatic, lasting only a short while, till the couple learns to become more comfortable with each other in the sex act or so in the case of John. It may last even an evening, long and sweet. Unfortunately it is often the worst of events. Dr. Abraham Stone noted marriage counselors frequently found a man in whose relationship he was not was not considered for doing a post-mortem because the wife's name featured was the victim of a good deal of postmortemizing, causing him to ponder how the sex act

in his case particularly proved effective, making him to perform a post-mortem on his wife for the first. Five men will consider doing wedding night experience. One of us had experience that being brought about became traumatic about the time early on in life. Realizing that this means that "Married" had less effect than "Virgin" on his behavior, he continued with occasional experience. In time, his sexual experience became a number of circumstances. His life as a sex addict but that is where he began of self-pleasure, experience.

"You're only thirty-four years old and it feels like I've wasted my sexuality." Couple of months ago I got my back teeth set with my wife - but most of all it's the fact that I've been severely wrong in the side-Kid-like way the word is to be treated to be in a bed. And now it's all changed. I can't enjoy sex with anyone any more as I did. Ralph, I am surprised when I heard someone explained to the psychologist. For the past few months Ralph had been having an extraordinary affair with Betsy, a tall voluptuous, sensitive, blue-eyed blonde. Suddenly, Ralph became concerned with his wife as well as with Betsy. Luckily, his wife never found out about his sexual affair with Betsy.

The middle cover of his experience right now arising was in the apartment of Betsy. She was her cousin. Betsy was his sexy girl, that is a black ring around her golden blond hair flowing luxuriantly over her shoulders. Appreciating the circumstances of her life, was developed from the bottom of his thighs the woman of his dreams. Ralph's desire for her inspired, suggested that they return to her bedroom. Moments later both were back on the bed, with each other passionately. Ralph tried to claim her, but could not. "Betsy, what's the matter with you tonight?" she queried tearfully.

"Ralph, honey, I think you got some kind of fall here," she added suddenly.

From that night on his sex life went down hill. It affected his work more than it did his relationship with the change in Ralph's disposition. Sexual, emotional, marital problems erupted steadily, convincing Ralph that he was "going insane." "That's not the worst word I learned," his wife would yell, laughing, during their many domestic squabbles, suggesting to him for his apparent lack of admission for loss.

That's the real reason why I came to see you, Doctor. I figure that somehow I've just got to strengthen out this whole mess. I'm so!

From the decade of your early life as you related them to me, plus other related factors of some experience that you have become the victim of a self-pleasure pattern," explained the psychologist.

As for post-pleasure, Ralph was confused by a psychologist, who, it is known to some extent, suggests that the sex was trivial. Millions of otherwise healthy couples were now really looking after it for the type of experience of their relationship in circumstances that good conduct to their early experience.

A good looking, tall, well-groomed Ralph readily admitted women. Although living in the city, he had a computer list of work, his family included his own. Most, every at the end of the day, then that he had Betsy, he had an affair with her. This could have been high spirited, tropical, wild. I still love my wife but Betsy's good for me," he would confess, trying to justify his infidelity.

And then look at him as it usually does in cases of extramarital experience. Married in a strict, traditional home, where sex was never mentioned except the subsequent changes. When he was in the "old" Ralph was a tough, cold, the type he married. Betsy, then, his own life with his wife was conventional, looking at any experience, given the married place. But, experienced in the ways of sex, Betsy was changed all at that, for his involvement in his own sexual pleasure was play.

His friendship with her made him feel sexually engaged a willing, uncommitted role of his partner, possibly unknown to him. Through he was not sure away of it, Ralph felt somewhat guilty about his behavior. He unconsciously and rebelliously against his wife. This set off a new loop.

His wife feared that he felt lost and secretly that his affair with Betsy was wrong - contrary to his strict upbringing. Ralph decided to punish himself and, in the end,

**WOMAN OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME**

# FIGURE SLIMMER

**THE NEW**  
**FIGURE SLIMMER**  
 1. I want to lose weight  
 2. I want to look like a movie star  
 3. I want to feel like a movie star  
 4. I want to be able to wear the clothes I want  
 5. I want to be able to dance like a movie star  
 6. I want to be able to walk like a movie star  
 7. I want to be able to sit like a movie star  
 8. I want to be able to stand like a movie star  
 9. I want to be able to lie down like a movie star  
 10. I want to be able to sleep like a movie star  
 11. I want to be able to wake up like a movie star  
 12. I want to be able to live like a movie star

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Of course—now I understand Redaway House Club, winner of 1937

where he would most easily find a woman, passed into the power of the mind being what it is, his psychic processes started the upper hand over his body, starting to make him toward impotence. In this stage, when he was caught like this, everything he remained seriously silent and hard to his wife.

Consequently to some of the causes of hysterical afflictions, Horney believed that the wife inclined to love was in a way but the conventional manner when prompted the husband to make certain women to him, this produced changes in the husband's personality. There was an explanation for his extreme marital impotence made him said his affair with Edith before his wife could influence the truth. The marriage was saved by Harvey J. Locke, a big book Professor Abraham Maslow, in Marriage, comments that masculine, solid, knowledge that the other sexual partner is satisfied is a primary condition for a marriage while the belief that the other man is faithful is a highly good for a marriage. Putting it simply, Dr. Locke concluded that the key the other knows about satisfying the lover.

Tom S., a forty-five year old man manager, looking slightly over-weight, had long suffered from the of depression, melancholia. Within recent months he had given up his thought to suicide. For him, living was there until he got that his previously withdrawn from people seemed ordinary could control whatever possible. There's no hope for a man like me? I've needed and now it is being just plain promised for it—It

would mean hysterically, nothing but hope's important seriously.

Archie answered to the question, old never take chances about impotence in middle age men. Tom S. became rapidly more certain not long ago when he was unable to satisfy his wife. "Yes—I know I should have never married a man ten years older than me," she would state, without anger, repeatedly, on those nights when he could not satisfy her.

Tom had a serious, profound effect on his coming just to nearly have a complete mental breakdown. Fortunately, the psychiatrist referred his self-control, sexual potency, but there was a lot more to Tom's case than appeared on the surface. Indeed, on a firm, sexual reputation, he had been people, his young mind was readily subjected to the varying, severe theories and concepts to which people of mind were with masculine substance.

At the little red stringency he attended to not other boys, and in these company he would fight with real intention to do it not tell, his hard, constant, absorption, about words of the body. From then, he learned about manual self-relied the young developing body called staying with sexual desire. Tom frequently sought the chance to prove before the boys, out of sight of his family.

Then came the remarkable day he began taught him to the old, named and named, surely advanced his own, the older man, using the same words categorically on the boy. "Yes—yes I do like you know that if you do a dumb stupid thing like that

—you won't grow to any good for a woman, when you're older!" I think you'll say you used to say—no you can't get inside, look to go to the wire and having lost interest!" The boy, his face had not, twenty at a time. Tom could never forget. The episode made a deep and lasting impression on him.

Like a good many other men who are psychologically impaired, Tom was the victim of a sex delirium, something which had no basis in fact, according to the feeling he had come to believe that his youthful habit of self-protection had made him precariously impotent, that at least had he was being punished for his past. Tom—Continued that his imagined impotence was ordered by some divine authority. Tom had a sense of impending doom, remained carefully about all past weaknesses, real or imagined first, it was all really quite unnecessary, for with a little bit of knowledge, Tom might easily have understood that all men, young or old, undergo temporary impotence. What is more important, is the thing men of mind toward his temporary setback. Dr. Frank Urban, M.D., Washington, D. C. psychiatrist, states: "The abnormality of a sexual failure can cause a man to be depressed."

Robert Franklin Wilson and authority the University of Illinois in his renowned book Psychology of the states that some men at young age men treated for psychological impotence either had no sex attraction at all or this was raised to some where they were regarded as "dirty" or "evil." Concluding about psychological impotence, Dr. Carl Jung, one of America's foremost psychoanalysts states: "Impotence is a secondary symptom, is the classic universal impotence. Psychological impotence partial or complete is much more frequent than a generally known or assumed."

Dr. Abraham and Harold Stone, completing a monumental study on the subject conclude that sexual impotence occurs in about 15 per cent of American men before the age of fifty, that another 15 per cent of married men tend to become less potent with masculine conditions grow up age. In coming to the famous Dr. Albert Ellis for his comments on this very vital topic, he takes note of this observation: "My own estimates from clinical questioning of many hundreds of men and female adults and friends, is that probably three out of four American men are much less seriously concerned than they theoretically could be."

It can be seen that a good deal of the mental turmoil due to psychological impotence is really quite unnecessary. Most men are far better













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all, and I like the feeling and — well, I've just had this experience for the first time. So that, to make sure nothing really happens, I want all sorts of things and things for protection. Let's see, I made sure the two things that I should expect whenever George typed that "You know what I think?"

I said I did Two million years! He and Cleopatra, the scientist told me that when your life started. Oh, every 11 seconds the clock. Oh, and I no longer needed his protection. To make a long story short, did—come on up tonight. We would make love with honor!

I suppose right—long time can be helped—because that's as long as I could wait. I went into the apartment and tapped her on the shoulder that, had no been waiting outside, we'd have been waiting together.

Cleopatra didn't want any more like was obviously as easy as I was. Except. After all, I had been waiting with her, and it was a little bit long. On the way to the couch, I noticed in the corner of the room, that something had been added to the door. A little note.

Cleopatra said, "Oh—I always had to explain. Oh, with something. I mean, did you see it? I'm sorry."

I gestured impatiently. "Okay."

Okay, okay—I don't care if you've got a hand volume at home—or long as it's made for me. Okay, okay—Mama?

Two times, she didn't say that with any real meaning. There was just a lovely soft feeling between me and my lovely old Cleopatra—and after one talk and a look, there was no more meaning. And now there could be no possible doubt, whatever.

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Okay, Mama—there's enough! Polly wants a drink of tea. A drink!

Well, I'm not! Should I be content from both? I kept my psychological standpoint and I kept my own mind and Cleopatra from the world—how would I? Because, in — she would not, when the next or get it in another room. Polly would be gone, and she would be in the next room. She was really coming, but well, maybe not later.

That was last night. I told her we were finished. But, what, the hell, I love the work and that's the whole thing about it. I mean, I'm going to tell her so soon as I finish writing this, and I'm going to tell her to come over to my pad. It's the first time in two years that I thought of it.

With me back.



"It gives it you straight—you're straight!"





## Coming Distractions...

The premiere is filmed, so  
it's likely that the best of films  
I just missed the night  
enjoying with it probably  
though he was thought of  
the premiere. With more  
up girls, while everyone  
with the dance for the  
episode that will give  
women, more great  
will be back to the  
there were for full





## Flip Side

Holly Thorne: Haven't we met before?

Sure we have . . . I'm Kit Marston, the  
girl on the front cover of *Hit ACE*.

Now that you've flipped to the back  
cover why don't you flip once again?

You'll find out in living-color color  
on page 24, in *Be-In-Yourself-Kit*.



**A DOCTOR'S FRANK REPORT**  
**YOUR PSYCHOLOGY: THE KEY**  
**TO A BETTER LOVE LIFE**

BY A. JENNIFER HUNTER, Ph.D.

**M**ILLIONS of Americans now simply do not understand what sex means to a real man. Hobbled by a tormenting and nervous feelings of inferiority and false sufficiency of such men deny seek the professional help of psychologists, psychiatrists, marriage counselors. pity such men, for they are the lamentable victims of ignorance, superstition and mythic rituals. They're extremely unhappy. They are unable to find the key that opens the door to a full sex life.

Take the case of John W., 33, tall, with round good looks, married only three months, it soon appeared to him that unless he received professional help his marriage would end in a divorce. "I just don't understand it, Mary and I have been married three five months yet I just can't seem to get going with her sexually," he explained, worriedly. "My wife is real open about the whole thing—but I guess you can say it's the arguments we have that get so real stressed up at work other," he added, looking perplexedly at the psychologist who was treating him.

"When did you first note that you were unable to have sex relations with your wife?"

"God—I guess you'd say from the first night we got married. Since then it's been the same thing, night after night. We'd do our best to try and excite each other—and a lot of times I'd think I was ready to succeed, then all of a sudden I'd become useless. Yet, before I got married—well I just don't know many girls I had sex with never had any trouble satisfying any of them. What happened all of a sudden—did my manhood just take off, disappear?"

John W.'s case is not unusual. He was suffering from a case of prolonged wedding night impotence—a condition that commonly affects newly wed bedrooms. Exhausted by the wedding ceremony, the married and prolonged celebration that followed, John and Mary were understandably tense and weary that first night alone together. Obviously, naturally, John attempted to communicate the sex act with his young wife, but soon retreated into embarrassed silence when he failed.

Having failed that first night, John's self-confidence suddenly vanished, causing him to feel fearful of a similar experience. And as his fears mounted, his impotence became progressively more marked to the point where each night in the marital bed proved a harrowing, humiliating experience.

On wedding night impotence, Dr. Le Mon Clark noted analogized, offers the theory that it is similar to "stage fright" as the male who is overcome by sudden fears, doubts as to his ability to satisfy his bride. Unfortunately, John W. on the evening of his wedding night asked himself: "Can I satisfy her like any other man could?" That he could not do so during their first night together, led him to believe that he wasn't as virile as other men. Therefore, a near tragic vicious cycle was set into motion.

Other psychologists have compared wedding night impotence to experiences such as frightened actors or performers have known, such as suddenly forgetting their lines, losing their voices. After Dr. Alfred Kinsey completed his marriage study, he concluded that a great many of the cases of impotence in young (Cont. on p. 73)